Was Then

My parents' time,
with the cars so
black and square,

like huge stoves.
Did Mother wear
a flapper dress?

Think not, but neared
  it coyly, some-
how, my father got her

into the speaks. And they
danced to ragtime, drank
and smoked. At parties, gin

  is made in bathtubs
and everyone chips in

to pay someone's rent.
    Crooners crack

    their voices and
      hearts fill.